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THE CITIZEN.

AN INDEPENDENT
WEEKLY

Circulation, 1000.

Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

50 c a Year

VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1899.

NO. 26.

THE CITIZEN

T. G. PASCO,

EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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IDEAS.

Worthy Inscription.

Miss Frances Power Cabie, known and honored throughout England and the United States, has recently put into the form of an inscription the heroic deed of one who "lived unknown until the supreme sacrifice made her forever glorious." The concluding lines are their own best commentary, and, committed to memory, can hardly fail to inspire and fortify the most timid soul:

In the memory of the heroic death of Mary Anna Rogers, stewardess of the Stella, who amid the confusion and terror of shipwreck aided all the passengers under her charge to quit the vessel in safety, giving her own life belt to one who was unprotected. Summoned, in her turn, to make good her escape, she refused, lest she might endanger the heavily laden boat. Choking the departing crew with the friendly cry of "Good bye! Good bye!" she was seen a few moments later, as the Stella went down, lifting her arms upward, with the prayer "God have me!" then sank into the waters with the sinking ship. Actions such as these steady performance of duty in the face of death, ready self-sacrifice for sake of others, reliance on God—constitute the glorious heritage of the English race. They deserve perpetual commemoration, because, among the trivial pleasures and sorrows of the world, they recall to us forever the nobility and loveliness of human nature.

NATIONAL NEWS.

The war in the Philippines is thought to be practically over.

Pres. McKinley wishes congress to declare for a gold standard.

Congress voted 302 to 30 that Brigham H. Roberts, of Utah, the polygamist congressman elect, be not allowed a seat in the house until the charges against him can be investigated and acted upon.

STATE NEWS.

The state board has allowed the governorship to Gen. Taylor, but a contest before the legislature is expected.

Davison, ex-congressman from this district, will contest for a seat in the present house on the ground that the removal of Jackson County from the district was illegal.

A negro has been seized and publicly burned to death by a Mayaville mob. However hideous the crimes which he may have committed, they cannot equal in enormity the crime of those who, without law, resorted to this torture of the dark ages!

College Items.

Mrs. Yocum has returned from Philadelphia.

Pres. Frost spoke in Providence R. I., Monday night.

Superintendent King has moved into the new College house east of the Baptist church.

The students enjoyed pleasant social evenings at Ladies' Hall Thursday and Saturday.

Mrs. Putnam has settled for house-keeping in the new College house near Dr. Cornelius' home.

Miss Douglas has spent her vacation at the home of J. J. Moore near Maydo.

Miss Sophia Hodges has returned from northern Kentucky, where she has been representing the interest of the College among the colored people.

REMEMBER—A good book is a most suitable Christmas present. Any book in the market sold at a good discount if ordered at once through HAROLD H. JOHNSON.

Several members of the faculty have visited the mountains on horse back the past week, to do extension and advertising work. Miss Lou Flannery and James Combs are also thus employed.

Locals and Personals.

Mr. H. R. Edgeworth preached in the Union Church Sunday.

W. F. Kidd has bought E. T. Fish's store building on Main St. for \$1,000, cash.

Watch Robinson's space for the next few issues and get posted for holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jones, of Brassfield, are visiting at the home of E. M. Preston.

The Students' Job Print has been busy this week moving to its new quarters on Main street.

W. P. Chapman has been traveling as subscription agent for THE CITIZEN the past week.

If you are in doubt—read Robinson's ad, go and see his stock. Holiday presents are not so hard to find.

Rev. Wm. Robt. and wife returned Sunday from a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Jennie Gibson, in Scott Co., Va.

Burrill Lunsford and Dora Anderson, of Wallaceton, were married at this place by Squire Gay last Wednesday.

The trade in Roman candles seems especially flourishing this December, and our streets are made resplendent each night with the line of sham battles.

The anvils boomed Friday night in honor of the decision of the state election board in favor of General Taylor.

Ernest Todd, who has been traveling through the mountains for some months as a photographer, has returned home.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church, Mrs. A. P. Settle, president, meets the first Saturday of each month at 3 p. m. Business meeting at 2 p. m.

The Church of Christ, (Disciples), Rev. H. J. Derthick, pastor, has preaching each Lord's day at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 9:45. Union helms prayer meeting each Monday night.

Mrs. Moses, of Indianapolis, secretary of the Christian Women's Board of Missions, will speak in the College Chapel after morning prayers tomorrow, and will lecture in the "second church" at night.

Lost. On last Saturday, a blue enameled gold class pin lettered S. C. S. 1899, somewhere on Center or Main street, public square, College campus, or Depot street. Suitable reward for return of same to THE CITIZEN office or Post Office.

Close of Fall Term.

To members of the A Rhetorical class, taught by Dr. Fairchild, fell the honor of representing the College before the general public last Wednesday night. The exercises were interesting throughout, and worthy of a more extended notice than can be here given.

Perry F. Shrock's speech on "Practical Optimism" was a plea for hopefulness and courage. Wm. H. Humphrey gave "A Tribute to American Valor," with especial reference to the colored soldiers in the civil and Spanish wars. Mark L. Spink eulogized "A Benefactor of the Republic," the benevolent multi-millionaire, Andrew Carnegie. Miss Myrtle C. Burr read an interesting essay on "The Art of Home-making." Anverne S. Mann, in a piece entitled "Why Enter the Teacher's Profession," caricatured the false teacher and praised the true. Frank L. Dickinson spoke of the ennobling influences of "Our National Game," base ball. "Hats—Character" was the title of a bright and witty essay by Miss Mary C. Jacobs.

"Printing, its Growth and Influence," was vividly brought before us by Carol D. Murphy, one of the four printers of THE CITIZEN who had a place on the program. Wm. P. Chapman followed with an oration on "The True Citizen," while Edward A. Chapin closed the literary program with a strong eulogy on that illustrious statesman, "Oliver Cromwell."

The music of the evening, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Lodwick, was heartily applauded. It included a duet by Messrs. Lodwick and Edgeworth, piano solos by Miss Jennie Hanson, and songs by the ladies' and young men's glee clubs.

A PROCLAMATION OF

ECONOMY for the Fall and Winter
Season in Men's and Boys' Fine
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WE are prepared to cloth you with the lowest priced, rightly made, absolutely all wool clothing in America. Rightly made as it is of famous "Vital" Brand the only ready to wear clothing Tailored on a strictly scientific basis in clean, well ventilated workrooms. Perfect fitting and wear-resisting, because the inside, the "Vital" the very life of the garment, is carefully made in making, represents the expenditure of time and thought, and is a decided contrast to the tailoring seen in ordinary ready to wear clothing. The fabrics that we show are the very newest designs that will be seen this season. Many confined exclusively to us in the face of the above facts. The most extraordinary feature combining our great offer is, that we can and do sell our clothing at

LESS MONEY

than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high grade clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is plain and simple: Ours is a modern store constructed strictly on progressive plans. Our clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume of business. The more clothing we sell the greater our purchasing power the lower our prices, that's the story in a nutshell.

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RICHMOND - KENTUCKY

ARTICLES OF FAITH

of the

Mormon Church.

Compiled by REV. J. D. NUTTING and
REV. D. J. McMILLAN, D. D.

The Articles of Faith of the Mormon Church would seem to embody the fundamental doctrines held by Christians generally, adding a few which are of only secondary importance and peculiar to the "Latter-day Saints." But the authoritative interpretation of these Articles places Mormonism beyond the pale of Christianity.

The following quotations, compiled by Rev. J. D. Nutting and Rev. D. J. McMillan, D. D., are in every instance taken from standard Mormon works, published by themselves, and present Mormon doctrine as it is taught in Utah.

1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in his Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

"God himself was once as we are now, and is an exalted Man." *Joseph Smith, Jour. of Dis., Vol. I, p. 3.* "He [Adam] is our Father and our God, and the only God with whom we have to do." *Brigham Young, J. of D., I, 50.* "The head God called together the Gods, and sat in grand council to bring forth the world." *Joseph Smith, J. of D., VI, 5.* Mormon Catechism, Chapter IV, Question 1. "Are there more Gods than one?" *Answer: "Yes, many."* "When our Father Adam came into the garden of Eden, he came into it with a celestial body, and brought Eve, one of his wives, with him." *Brigham Young, J. of D., I, 50.* "There is no other God in heaven but that God who has flesh and bones." *—Joseph Smith, Compendium 287.* "You think our father and our God is not a lively, sociable, and cheerful man: he is one of the most lively men that ever lived." *—Apostle H. C. Kimball, Sermon Sept. 15, 1857.*

2. We believe that men will be punished for their sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

"13. Q. Was it necessary that Adam should partake of the forbidden fruit? A. Yes, unless he had done so he would not have known good and evil here, neither could he have had mortal posterity. . . . We ought to consider the full of our first parents as one of the great steps to eternal exaltation and happiness, and one ordered by God in his infinite wisdom." *—Catechism, pp. 32 and 33.* "Q. Did Adam and Eve lament or rejoice because they had transgressed the commandment? . . . A. They rejoiced and praised God." *—Catechism, p. 32.*

3. We believe that all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel.

"Will all the people be damned who are not Latter-day Saints? Yes, and a great many of them, except they repent speedily." *—Brigham Young, J. of D., I, 349.* 4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, repentance; third, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

(To be continued.)

Y. P. S. C. E. Officers.

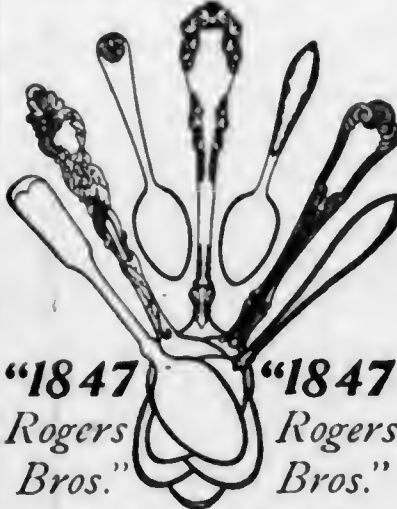
The Senior Society of Christian Endeavor has elected the following officers for six months: Pres., Rose E. Miller; V. Pres., A. E. Sniffen; Sec., H. C. Tinsley; Treas., W. D. Candee; Organist, Nettie Burdette; also the following chairmen of committees: Lookout, Grace J. Stokes; prayer-meeting, Mary C. Hoopes; social, Hattie Embree; music, Wm. Lodwick; missionary, Francis T. Booth.

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is one of the things you make sure of in buying from us.

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we can and will furnish you. We shall not try to make you think some other "Rogers" is "just as good," or "will wear just as long." "1847" is the acknowledged original and genuine, and imitations are bound to be poor substitutes. You know it. We know it.

Incidentally let us state that the late styles which we are now showing are far superior to anything before produced, equalling sterling in design and finish. It would be hard indeed to improve the wearing quality in silver plate. Come in and see them.

I have lately received a large stock of these goods and will be glad to supply you.

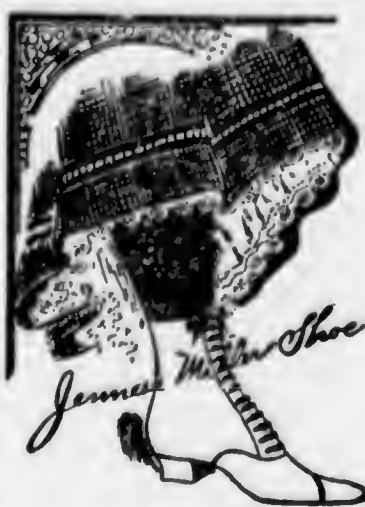
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early while the stock is
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Are the Most Stylish
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They Fit the Feet as
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Accept No Other

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The Berea Monumental Co.

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Headstones, \$6.00 up to any amount.

... Marble and Granite Monuments ...

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Job Printing

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We are prepared to do all kind

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Here are a few sample prices:

500 White envelopes \$1.25

500 Ruled Note Heads 1.00

500 Ruled Letter-heads 1.25

500 Bill-heads—13 lines 1.50

500 Regular Statements 1.50

500 6 x 9 Hand bills 1.00

500 9 x 12 " 1.50

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We will prepare the postage on any one of the above

orders for 50 cents extra, or on the small hand bills or

business cards, 25 cents extra. Orders must be paid

for in advance. Write the Copy VERY plainly.

Mail orders carefully attended to.

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Berea, Kentucky.

You Want GOOD GLASSES

IF YOU WANT THEM AT ALL

Glasses that are not properly adjusted to your

eyes are actually dangerous. I know it, and

you ought to know it. I will not attempt to suit

glasses to your eyes until I know what is needed.

Eyes examined free.

A Nice line of Novelties in

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T. A. ROBINSON, Jeweler and Optician.

Kodol

Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids

Nature in strengthening and recon-

structing the exhausted digestive or-

gans. It is the latest discovered diges-

tant and tonic. No other preparation

can approach it in efficiency. It in-

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Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn,

Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea,

Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and

all other results of imperfect digestion.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

S. E. WELCH, JR.

Ralph Ringwood.

A True Story of a Kentucky Pioneer.

(Continued from Nov. 29.)

While here, I purchased a rifle, and practised daily at a mark, to prepare myself for a hunter's life. When sufficiently recruited in strength I resumed my journey.

At Wheeling I embarked in a flat-bottomed family boat, technically called a broad-horn, a prime river conveyance in those days. In this ark for two weeks I floated down the Ohio. The river was as yet in all its wild beauty. Its loftiest trees had not been thinned out. The forest overhung the water's edge, and was occasionally skirted by immense canebrakes. Wild animals of all kinds abounded.

In this way we glided past Cincinnati, the "Queen of the West," as she is now called, then a mere group of log-cabins; and the site of the bustling city of Louisville, then designated by a solitary house. As I said before, the Ohio was as yet a wild river; all was forest, forest, forest! Near the confluence of Green River with the Ohio I landed, bade adieu to the broad-horn, and struck for the interior of Kentucky. I had no precise plan; my only idea was to make for one of the wildest parts of the country. I had relatives in Lexington and other settled places, whom I thought it probable my father would write to concerning me; so, as I was full of manhood and independence, and resolutely bent on making my way in the world without assistance or control, I resolved to keep clear of them all.

In the course of my first day's trudge I shot a wild turkey, and slung it on my back for provisions.

At length I came to where a gang of half-starved wolves were feasting on the carcass of a deer which they had run down, and snarling and snuffing, and fighting like so many dogs. One, larger and fiercer than the rest, seemed to claim the larger share, and to keep the others in awe. "This," thought I, "must be the captain; if I can kill him, I shall defeat the whole army." I accordingly took aim, fired, and down dropped the old fellow; all the rest ran off, and my victory was complete.

This was my first camping out in the real wilderness, and I was soon made sensible of the loneliness and wildness of my situation.

In a little while a concert of wolves commenced; there might have been a dozen or two, but it seemed to me as if there were thousands. I never heard such howling and whining. Having prepared my turkey, I divided into two parts, thrust two sticks into one of the halves, and planted them on end before the fire, the hunter's mode of roasting. The smell of roast meat quickened the appetites of the wolves, and their concert became truly infernal. They seemed to be all around me, but I could only now and then get a glimpse of one of them, as he came within the glare of the light.

I did not much care for the wolves, who I knew to be a cowardly race, but I had heard terrible stories of panthers, and began to fear their stealthy prowlings in the surrounding darkness. I was thirsty and heard a brook bubbling and tinkling along at no great distance, but absolutely dared not go there, lest some panther might lie in wait and spring upon me. By and by a deer whistled. I had never heard one before, and thought it must be a panther. I was so possessed with the dread of panthers, that I could not close my eyes all night, but lay watching the trees until daybreak, when all my fears were dispelled with the darkness.

Having breakfasted on the remainder of my turkey and shekled my thirst at the bubbling stream, without further dread of panthers, I resumed my wayfaring with buoyant feelings. I saw deer, but, as usual, running, running! I tried in vain to get a shot at them, and began to fear I never should. I was gazing with vexation at the scampering herd when I was startled by a human voice. Turning round, I saw a man at a short distance from me in a hunting dress.

"What are you after, my lad?" cried he.

"Those deer," replied I, pettishly; "but it seems as if they never stand still."

"Upouthis he burst out laughing. 'Where are you from?' said he.

"From Richmond."

"What! In old Virginia?"

"The same."

"How on earth did you get here?"

(To be continued.)

The Counties.

Madison County.

Dreyfus.

The school at this place was out Thursday.

Miss Dora Bengo was the guest of Miss Julia Riddell, last week.

Sunday-school at the Christian Church every Sunday evening at 2:30.

Mrs. Frank Hays, of Berea, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Hudson, this week.

Mrs. Eva Riddell was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Mary Riddell, last week.

Miss Dora Bratcher, who has been visiting relatives for the past two weeks, has returned home.

Miss Martha Sandlin pleasantly entertained Mr. Raleigh Harris, of White's Station, Sunday afternoon.

Miss Ada Hurd has returned to her home after a week's stay with her sister, Mrs. James Harris, of Irvine.

Rev. James Young preached interesting sermons to large congregations Thanksgiving day, both morning and night.

Miss Anna Ogg has returned home after her delightful visit with friends at Speedwell, where she attended meeting at the Baptist Church.

Miss Martha Sandlin will entertain a few of her young friends at her beautiful home Saturday night. Music will be the order of the evening.

Miss Maud Daniels, who was to be the guest of her cousin, Miss Mattie Young, did not arrive on account of the sudden illness of her little brother.

Rev. Tipton, of Estill Co., is conducting a few days' meeting at the Christian Church. Rev. Parsons will also begin a protracted meeting at the Baptist Church Saturday night.

Clay County.

Ogle.

Miss Helen Brigman's school is out to-day.

Ivan Davidson, Jr., has a very sick child.

Mrs. Jeany Smith visited relatives here Sunday.

Wm. Means is building a new house.

Wm. Swafford is engaged in clearing up land.

Alex Smith has moved where Lawson lived.

Benjamin Jackson has a job of hauling staves to Flat Lick.

A Mr. Dyer passed through here selling spectacles last week.

Stoke Lawson has built a house and is living on Ivan Davidson's land.

Marshall Davidson moved into the house with Ivan Davidson last week.

Thomas Holcomb went to Barbourville Wednesday after a new lot of goods.

T. J., and J. H. Frederick have returned from North Jellico, where they have been at work.

Richard Smith was severely hurt while attempting to shoot a crow. His gun, being too heavily charged, exploded.

Bright Shade.

Mrs. M. Smith visited relatives on Otter Creek during the week.

M. H. Frederick completed his school here, Wednesday.

Noah Valentine passed here on his way to Bear Creek.

Jas. Smith, of Spring Creek, is visiting Bright Shade.

Oliver Wingers has nearly completed his logging job. He has put in about seven hundred logs.

Woodson Swafford, of Ogle, and a daughter of Harris Smith, are expected to get married soon.

SCRIPTOR SILVAE.

Jackson County.

Evergreen.

Miss Hettie Lakes' school is out.

Mr. James Walker is talking of moving permanently to Louisville.

There are several pupils in this vicinity preparing for school at Berea.

Mr. John Amyx is talking about selling his farm and going to Madison Co.

Mr. Geo. C. Moore, who is teaching Pine Grove school, has five weeks yet to teach. We regret our school is so soon to close.

We have a protracted meeting in this vicinity, led by Mr. M. K. Pasco and wife, of Berea, also Rev. Mason Jones, of Combs, Ky. We are having a large attendance.

Clover Bottom.

Franklin Engle of McKee has been visiting relatives here.

Principal Marsh was calling in this neighborhood week before last.

R. Parsons passed through here on his way home from Drip Rock.

Dr. Daugherty returned from Louisville, but is unable to take care of his patients, owing to his own illness.

Miss Talitha Gay's school closed Dec. 1st with an exhibition largely attended by the people from adjoining districts.

Miss Ollie Hatfield is expected home this week from Tenn. where she has been for nearly eighteen months for the benefit of her health. Her friends will be glad to know she is stronger than when she left.

Leslie County.

Hyden.

W. W. Baxter, Sunday school missionary, was with us last week.

Born to the wife of John Maney, Nov. 22, a fine girl.

H. H. Bailey and family are moving to Laurel County. We regret to lose them.

Eversole & Co's new brick store will be ready for occupancy with the new year.

Dr. Birchell, of Manchester, has been in Hyden examining applicants for life insurance. Several have insured.

Several of the District schools are out and the teachers are preparing to spend the winter in some one of the higher institutions of learning.

Only one person was convicted and sentenced to the state prison at this term of court. The next court will be held in the new court house.

Miss Mary Doan Bradshaw, the new music teacher of the academy, makes a good impression and will prove a useful member of the faculty.

Thanksgiving Services at the Presbyterian Church were very interesting, and a large audience was present. Jude Brown made a splendid address.

FIRE-SIDE INDUSTRY REWARDED.

At the opening of the Winter Term, Dec. 13, Berea College will buy from students homespun products, allowing on their term bills as follows:

Linen, homespun, 30 to 40c a yard.

Woolsey, " 40 to 50c a yard.

Jeans, " 40 to 50c a yard.

Well woven bed-covers, well matched, two yards wide, and seven feet long, \$6.00.

Extra price for home-made dyes in woolsey and jeans. Make the best and get the best price. There will be another chance to sell home products at the opening of the Spring Term Mar. 14. Keep every loom going.

THE HOME.

Edited by MRS. KATE E. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

Boys Who Succeed.

Thirty years ago Mr. H—, a nursery man in New York state, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather and not a season for sales, but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse and went into the kitchen of a farmhouse, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. H— at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir. Maybe not for a week."

The other boy, Jim, jumped up and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examining the trees and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jim," his father, greatly pleased, said to him on his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jim, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterward these two boys were left by their father's failure and death with \$200 or \$300 each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard but is still a poor, discontented man. Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired a cattle driver for a couple of years and with his wages bought land at 10 cents an acre, built himself a house and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the state.

"I might have done like Jim," his brother said lately, "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

"There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife, "but nobody can eat it. There's not enough yeast in it."

The retort, though disagreeable, was truth. The quick wide-awake energy which acts as leaven in a character is partly natural. But it can be incited by parents and acquired by a boy if he chooses to keep his eyes open and act promptly and boldly in every emergency.—*Springfield Republican.*

Who of Us Know.

Who of us know
The heartaches of the men we meet
Each day in passing on the busy street,
The woes and cares that press them,
Forebodings that distress them—
Who of us know?

Who of us think
Of how hot tears have chased the smiling cheek
Of some we meet who would not dare to speak
The pang that feels the burden that they bear,
Each hour that passes through the tedious year—
Who of us think?

Who of us care
To try to think and know their pain and grief,
And help in trying to break their hearts relief,
To help to bear the burden of their care,
By tender word and loving look and prayer—
Who of us care?

—S. C. Allen, in Baltimore Methodist.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by MRS. ELIZA H. YOUNG, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

"Thanksgiving day" has come and gone, but no one will ever be thankful upon that day unless he cultivates a habit of thanksgiving from hour to hour. Early next spring must the turkey for next Thanksgiving be hatched, and even now it is not too soon to begin to prepare our hearts and lives for the spiritual part of the feast.

You have all heard of the old lady who made it her regular, daily habit to "count up her mercies." It is a very good plan and would save us from a great deal of the anxiety and worry of our lives if we would more often count up the blessings that make us happy every day.

I would suggest that we each spend a half hour in writing out a list of the blessings that are ours. I do not know any better way to win new blessings than to appreciate those that we have.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and the one whose face beams with cheerful thankfulness is the one to whom new gifts of friends and opportunities and success are most likely to come.

I want to name one of the many things that I am thankful for, that we can, if we will, make ourselves into useful, successful men and women. Of course I am talking to you boys and girls; the old folks are supposed to be off by themselves criticizing the world and its neighbors. I have heard people excuse themselves for not doing something that they ought to do by saying: "Well I don't care, I never can do anything right, I am not going to try." And others grumble about not having friends. "I don't see why everybody likes him? He has more friends in this town than I have in the whole world." And some again excuse slovenly dress and awkward manners with "I just wasn't raised that way," meaning to be polite and neat.

Now if life is going to mean anything to us we must ask and answer honestly a few questions. "Do I deserve success?" Have I any qualities that can gain real friends? "Do I do my best at little things, that I may be ready for the larger if they come?" "Do I whine and find fault so that nobody likes to have me around?" "Do I keep myself so clean in heart and life that God can trust me with such gifts as health and friends and success?"

I think we ought to do as the merchants do—take account of our stock in trade every once in a while and see what new goods we ought to get in. Character making and keeping cannot be less important than store keeping, but most of us seem to think it will take care of itself.

Suppose that this year we plan to have more things to be thankful for by the time 1900 draws to a close. And it wouldn't be a bad thing to aim at giving some other folks greater cause for thankfulness?

"Every day is a fresh beginning. Every month is the world made new. You who are weary of sorrow and slinging, there is a beautiful hope for you."

A hope for me and a hope for you. This is one stanza of a little poem by Susan Coolidge that I like very much. And here is one from Lowell that is describing the noble woman, and the spirit of it is just as good for the boys.

"She depth little kindnesses
Which must have undone or despised.
For might which sets one heart at ease
And gives happiness or peace,
Is low concealed in her eyes."

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

The letter which our friend has sent us this week contains some advice on the subject of farming, so we insert it under this heading.

A Letter from Sile.

DEAR CITIZEN: I heard a man say once that if our foresight was as good as our hind-sight, we'd get on a heap better in this 'ere world, an' when I think about Pal Williams it makes me think it's so. It's just the other way with a pig though. It sees the way into your corn field every time, but you can run your legs off after it, an' it can't see the way to get out!

But speakin' o' this 'ere Williams, he ain't got no foresight at all, seems like. He killed a hen 'tother day what had only laid two eggs on her litter. He never thought about her layin' a dozen eggs the next three weeks, an' still a hen 'fat an' good to eat.

But I want to tell ye 'bout his timber land. Most of his land is down on Blue Bay, but he has one piece 'o knobby land up here above me. His uncle gave it to him nine years ago after he'd cut it off for tin bark, an' now there ain't nothin' on it but a lot o' saplings an' some trees the size o' round wood.

An' now what does Pal do but cut off all them little fellers, 'cause he got a chance to sell some wood!

"Pal," says I, "when he come by 'tother day with a load, 'how much do ye get a cord for that ar?'"

"Dollars a quarter," says he.

"An' how many cords do ye 'low you can cut up there?'"

"Oh, 'bout a hundred, wood the size o' this 'ere."

"A hundred an' twenty-five dollars," says I. "Good for you, Pal. But then," says I, "how long will it take ye to cut 'n' haul it all down yonder?'"

"Oh," says he, "I ain't aimin' to cut it all this year."

"Why not?" says I.

"Can't find nobody to buy it," says he.

"But if ye could, you'd sell it, would ye?"

"You bet," says he.

"Well then, as I set ye before, how long 'd it take you to put it in market? Ninety days, d' ye reckon?'"

"Oh, maybe so," says he; "can't tell precise."

"Well," says I, "Pal Williams, let's you an' me do some reckonin'. I know you're good at arithmetic. If you was to leave them little trees alone an' just do odd jobs with yer team, here an' down at the settlement, how much could ye make in a month—\$50?"

"No, I don't guess I could," says he.

"Well, will \$35 suit ye?"

"Call it that," says he.

"Well then," says I, "three months is \$105 dollars, an' 105 from 125 leaves 20. All that them trees is really worth if ye cut 'em now is \$20, or less for ought I know. But we'll call it 20. Now let's you an' me take a look ahead. You're a young man, 'bout twenty-five, now, ain't ye?—and ye come from a long-lived family. Don't want to die before you're seventy-five, do ye?"

"Not if I can help it," says he.

"That's fifty year ahead," says I.

"Now what'll your \$20 be worth ye by that time?"

"I don't understand ye, Sile," says he.

"I mean, a dollar to-day is worth a dollar an' fets, next year, accordin' to simple interest, an' 'bout \$4 fifty years from now at the same rate. But we'll compound the interest an' guess it off at \$10. Now tell me, Pal," says I, "if \$1 swells up into \$10, what will your \$20 be worth ye by the time you make your will?"

"\$200," says he.

"All right," says I. "You're richer than you think you are, but a heap poorer than you ought to be. If you'd let that land alone for fifty years there'd be a thousand cords of fine timber on it. You know that, Pal. An' I know, even if you don't, that timber's gettin' scarce every year an' it won't always sell so dirt cheap as it does now. Them thousand cords will fetch ye at the least reck-onin' \$1 a cord right there on the knob, without your swagin' an axe for it, an' you're just fixin' to be \$800 poorer by what you're doin' this fall. Keep to work," says I, "but better work at an' this else."

"Now you looky here, Sile Shingles," says he. "You're smit at fingerin', an' can twist me all up. Maybe it's like you say, an' maybe it ain't. But what if it is? A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush, an' I ain't pesterin' my head about my old age, not yet I ain't."

"Well," says I, "some people are that way, I know. I know a feller what 'd rather drink whiskey ten minutes now than go to heaven a thousand years by and by, I do believe. But you ain't that, kind. You're a church member, Pal, an' do a heap o' thinkin' about your future, spiritually considered, which is the best thing a man can do. But it wouldn't hurt ye much, I think, to study a little more about your future, temporally considered. It's about the same thing," says I, "only a heap smaller."

But Pal is still a cuttin' them little small baby trees.

Yours truthfully,

SILE SHINGLES.



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